THE PACIFIC

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Pac Theo Sem
Reading Room

IF IT IS RIGHT!

"If it is right, there is no other way!"
Brave words to speak, and braver still to live;
A flag to guide the battle of each day,
A motto that will peace and courage give.

"If it is right, there is no other way!"
Wise words that clear the tangle from the brain;
Pleasure may whisper, doubt may urge delay,
And self may argue, but it speaks in vain.

"If it is right, there is no other way!"
This is the voice of God, the call of truth;
Happy the man who hears it to obey,
And follows upward, onward, from his youth."

THE PACIFIC

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PACIFIC COAST IN BRIEF.

San Francisco has 2400 saloons and 125 churches. Chicago has 12,000 saloons and 650 churches.

Word comes from E. L. Walz, who is now in New York that she has secured a donation of $1000 for the Green Street Church, San Francisco.

The California Voice is working for 25,000 votes in California for the Prohibition candidates for president and vice-president and believes that with personal persuasive persistent effort on the part of every worker the number can be reached.

In a review of the Rev. Charles R. Brown's new book, "The Strange Ways of God,—A Study in the Book of Job," The Pacific Churchman says: "We would like to send every one to this book, but most certainly the many who are asking with more or less of impatience and unfaith, the why of what seems undeserved suffering; why God's ways are so strange, and finding it hard to reconcile God's love with what they are apt to call injustice. We read every word of the book with unflagging interest."

The Rev. Charles R. Brown expects to be in his pulpit in Oakland on Sunday, November 22. Writing in London on the 3d of this month he says: "I have had a fine rest and a glorious time, and am ready for hard work again." The Pacific was expecting some letters from Mr. Brown, but he has given himself to what he calls "traveling and loafing," and has not written a line for any paper. We are promised several articles after his return to California.

The Loomis Rochdale Company, carrying on a general merchandise business at Loomis, on the cooperative plan, has a Rest Room, for its out-of-town customers, and keeps on file about 30 newspapers and magazines, among which are The Pacific, The Advance and The Congregationalist. Mr. W. P. Fassett, a member of the Congregational Church, is manager of the company.

Founders' Day was celebrated at Pacific Theological Seminary on Tuesday of last week. In the afternoon there were services in the seminary chapel attended by students and friends of the institution. President McLean gave an historical sketch, tracing very interestingly the life of the seminary from its inception in 1866. Then, Professor Buckham gave an address on "Seminary Changes and Seminary Ideals," which was well worth hearing. He said in way of introduction that the theological seminaries had for several years been passing through the greatest crisis in their history; that there had been much modification and great amplification. These changes were considered under three divisions, Freedom, Scope, and Practical Efficiency. Not many years ago, he said, the seminaries were regarded widely as shackeled, inert and unfree; they were either estranged from the churches or thoroughly subservient to them. Then came the trend toward the universities and the beginning of an era of freedom. Referring to the vast enlargement which modern life and knowledge have undergone Professor Buckham remarked: "If any need breadth of vision it is the minister. Not that he can know it all, but he must touch it all, glimpse it all, sympathize with it all." And then in substance the thought was: The growing life of religion has split the shell of the old seminary curriculum, and the fresh tides of life are coursing there now. Speaking of Practical Efficiency it was said that the practical is not possible without an adequate theology. Truth and conduct, practice and principle, must be linked together. The aim of the theological seminary is to send out those who shall be makers and menders of men. Speaking with reference particularly to Pacific Seminary Professor Buckham said that the removal from Oakland to Berkeley a few years ago meant a commitment to freedom. Here the atmosphere is one of light, of inquiry, of intellectual freedom. With this new freedom it was shown had come also a greater scope. Referring to the other seminaries in Berkeley and the harmonious cooperation of all the opinion was that the prospects were bright for making Berkeley a great center of theological education.

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT.

The railroads that are called Harriman roads have an aggregate mileage of 81,544. They are: The New York Central, with 12,282 miles; the Union Pacific, 5,916; the Southern Pacific, 9,731; the Atchison, 9,350; the St. Paul, 8,687; the Northwestern, 7,623; the Illinois Central, 4,378; the Baltimore & Ohio, 4,462; 'Frisco-East Illinois, 6,356; Delaware & Hudson, 845; Georgia Central, 1,914.

Alfred Tracy, the president of the American Brotherhood of Cement Workers, says concerning the Edison monolithic house: "The Edison monolithic house is not a success. Of course we all take off our hats to Edison as an inventor, but I believe that in this instance he has not introduced a practicable thing. He may be able to 'pour a house in twelve hours,' as he says, with his system of forms, but he would be unable to remove the forms in twelve hours, for the cement would not set in that time. Moreover, he casts a solid wall, and everyone knows that a solid wall admits moisture, and makes a home unhealthful. He will have to devise some scheme for providing a hollow wall before the invention will ever work out satisfactorily."

Prof. Robert M. Yerkes, of Harvard University, has written for The Century of the experiments and investigations being made along the lines of animal psychology. Sometimes hundreds of experiments are made to test a single proposition, often with surprising and most interesting results. This article will appear early in 1909. Among the strong features of The Century next year will be a series of articles on Lincoln's life and character—to include hitherto unpublished documents from his own pen and that of one of his secretaries. Frederick Trevor Hill has written of "The Lincoln-Douglas Debates," the fiftieth anniversary of

which occurs this year; and there will be later papers on "Lincoln as a Boy Knew Him," "Lincoln as a Peace Negotiator," "Lincoln and the Theater," etc.

After December 31st of this year the Transcontinental Passenger Association will not issue half-fare permits to persons coming under the following divisions: Ordained clergymen acting as editors of officially recognized church papers; ordained clergymen acting as college presidents or professors; ordained clergymen acting as financial agents for church, religious or charitable institutions, including educational institutions under church government; ordained clergymen engaged in Christian temperance or Y. M. C. A. work; brothers of religious orders, Sisters of Charity, devoting their entire time to religious work, who habitually wear a garb distinctive of their order. This ruling was made a few days ago in accordance with a decision made by the Inter-State Commerce Commission.

The new British commission for the investigation of the sleeping sickness, of which Sir David Bruce is the head, is now on its way to South Africa. During the past few months the members have been closely studying the question of the medical treatment of this terrible malady. It is Sir David Bruce's opinion that, while nothing very definite has been arrived at regarding the treatment of the disease, certain broad facts have been established which will form the basis of the work in Uganda It is held to be beyond question that (1) the disease is caused by a blood parasite; (2) that the chief, and probably only, carrier of the disease is the glossina palpalis tsetse fly. Investigation has also shown that the fly is only infective for forty-eight hours, and that it inhabits certain well-defined regions, consisting of a narrow strip of a few yards in width round the shores of Lake Victoria and along large rivers.

Alfred Harnesworth, the owner of the London Times and a long string of English publications, says concerning American newspapers: "I notice that some of the American newspapers are smaller in size than they used to be, and I fancy that not even yet have they reached the limit in that direction. White paper must inevitably rise in price. Prodigal extravagance in the cutting down of forests, forest fires, and the increased demand for the wood of the spruce tree, caused by the growth of newspapers all over the world, must have only one end unless some of your inventive geniuses can help the situation by discovering a substitute for wood-pulp. Some five thousand different materials have been tested, but vainly. There is nothing like wood. Even American resourcefulness and initiative cannot grow a paper tree in fewer than thirty-five to fifty years. Therefore, in my opinion, many of your daily journals must reduce their size or increase their price in the future. I am in favor of the smaller rather than the dearer newspaper, although I have no rooted prejudice either way."

Outside of Alaska the United States owns 386,873,787 acres of land, which is subject to entry under the land laws to homesteads. Most of the land is marked either "arid," "mountainous," or "swampy," and comparatively little of it is considered desirable for farming unless under irrigation. In Alaska there are 368,021,509 acres. These facts are set forth in a pamphlet published by the General Land Office, which shows in tabulated form the area of unappropriated land in the various states and territories. The following table gives the figures for each State and Territory: Alabama, 129,713; Alaska, 368,021,509; Arizona, 42,769,202; Arkansas, 1,061,185; California, 29,872,493; Colorado, 23,696,697; Florida, 414,942; Idaho, 26,785,002; Kansas, 171,446; Louisiana, 116,249; Michigan, 135,551; Minnesota, 7,788,705; Mississippi, 42791; Missouri, 27,480; Montana, 46,732,440; Nebraska, 3,074,658; Nevada, 61,177,050; New Mexico, 44,777,905; North Dakota, 2,322,150; Oklahoma, 86,339; Oregon, 16,957,913; South Dakota, 6,561,295; Utah, 36,578,998; Washington, 4,635,001; Wisconsin, 13,280; Wyoming, 37,145,302.

When Jules Verne years ago pictured a trip around the world in eighty days it was regarded as an audacious flight of the imagination. But today this can be accomplished in forty days with considerable stopping en route. A London man figures a quick trip as follows, the Cunard steamers stopping at an English Channel port: "Leave New York Saturday by the Lusitania; land at Plymouth the following Thursday, reaching London in time to catch the evening train for Berlin. Leaving Berlin Friday evening, the traveler reaches Moscow Sunday morning. He would be at Vladivostock, on the Pacific, the following Thursday week; and, leaving there on the next Saturday evening, would be landed at Tsuraga, Japan, on the Monday following. Taking train across to Yokohama, he would catch the Canadian Pacific steamer, sailing the same day, and reach Vancouver twelve days later. Then taking the Great Northern Limited to St. Paul, the Northwest Limited to Chicago, and the Twentieth Century Limited for New York, he would reach his starting point at 9:30 on Thursday morning, having taken less than forty days for this 20,000-mile journey.

The University of Illinois has become a mecca for the students from the Celestial Empire. There are eleven Chinese students in attendance this year, nine of whom are sent by the Government at Pekin. C. D. Hsii, who is studying law and diplomacy, graduated from the imperial polytechnic college at Shanghai and is now fitting himself for foreign consular service. B. A. Fii, son of the secretary to the Board of Foreign Ministry, also comes from a high aristocratic family. These young men, in their anxiety to imitate the American principles of democracy, are extremely reticent as to their high birth. C. C. Wang, a Yale graduate, is in the graduate school studying railway administration. He is the editor of the "Chinese Students' Monthly," a paper devoted to social and political reform in China. The Chinese Government has adopted a new policy of sending students abroad since America remitted the Boxer idemnity. From now on for four years China will send a hundred young men to foreign universities; after that time a group of fifty students will be sent every year, till the money to be paid on the indemnity has been exhausted. The representative students here are of the opinion that the majority of their countrymen who seek higher education will come to America.

Readers of The Pacific do not handle much paper money, mostly gold and silver being in circulation on the Pacific coast. Nevertheless the following from the Scientific American will be of interest: "Paper money is popularly supposed to be a carrier of infectious diseases. No doubt microbes do find a resting place on many of the bills now in circulation, but investigations which have been conducted at the research laboratory of the New York Board of Health indicate that although paper money is by no means free from bacteria, it is, nevertheless, not quite so prolific a breeding ground as may be supposed. On clean bank bills an average of 2,350 bacteria were discovered. On soiled

bills the average was 73,000. This investigation was made some years ago. Its results have now been checked by Warren W. Hilditch of the Sheffield laboratory of bacteriology and research at Yale. The dirtiest bills which banks and railways could place at his disposal showed an average of only 142,000 bacteria for each bill. The lowest was 14,000; the highest, 586,000. Curiously enough, the cleanest-looking note was charged with 405,000 bacteria, and the dirtiest with 38,000, which seems to prove that there is no necessary connection between dirt and bacteria. Mr. Hilditch finds that guinea pigs inoculated with these bacteria contracted no disease, which would mean that money bacteria are not necessarily virulent."

A Ministers' Socialist Conference was held recently in the East. A manifesto was adopted and signed by 161 clergymen. The statement as to the movement and its purpose is: (1) To permeate churches, denominations and other religious institutions with the social message of the Bible; to show that Socialism is the economic expression of the religious life; to end the class struggle by establishing industrial democracy, and to hasten the reign of justice and brotherhood upon earth. (2) We believe that the economic teachings of the Scriptures would find their fulfillment in the co-operative commonwealth of modern Socialism. (3) We believe that the present social system, based as it is upon the sin of covetousness, makes the ethical life as inculcated by relion impracticable, and should give place to a social system founded on the Golden Rule and the royal law of the kingdom of God. "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself," which, realized under the co-operative commonwealth of Socialism, will create an environment favorable to the practice of religious life. (4) We accordingly urge with utmost earnestness that all our brethren in the ministry, and the people in all churches, search the Scriptures and study the philosophy of Socialism, that they may see if our belief be not indeed God's very truth. The Boston Transcript's comment is: "Little or no criticism of this movement is expressed among religious leaders. The most that is said is that it is impracticable if not unnnecessary. At the same time it is admitted that large numbers of clergymen, in all bodies, are earnestly studying the claims of Socialism, it is believed that their work will be aided by the knowledge thus gained."

A course of weekly lessons for use by adult classes in Sunday schools, Christian Associations, men's clubs, or young people's societies, is in course of preparation by the American Institute of Social Service, of which Rev. Dr. Josiah Strong is president. For a number of years the Institute has been investigating social conditions with the object of constructive criticism. First-hand study has been made of conditions of laboring people, both in this country and in Europe, so that the files and the library of the Institute are considered to be authoritative. The lessons which are to be issued by the Institute are to deal with the relations of the Christian Church to the social questions of the day, and while they are primarily designed to be used in classes or clubs, they are equally available for individual use. The lessons are to be consecutive and for the next fifteen months will follow this program: October, 1908, "Child Labor;" November, "Women in Industry;" December, "Wealth and Capital;" January, "Organization of Labor;" February, "Housing;" March, "Civic Corruption;" April, "Public Utilities;" May, "Socialism;" June, 'Immigration;" July, "Foreign Relations;" August, "The Race Question;" September, "Labor Conditions;" October, "Prison Reform;" November, "Intemperance;" December, "Marriage." Each lesson will cover its topic along two lines: First, What are the facts? Second, What is the teaching of Christ on the question considered? The lessons are to be edited by Dr. Strong and the work is to be supervised by a council of Christian sociologists appointed from a number of the leading religious bodies of America.

A Northwest correspondent writes from St. Paul, under date of October 1st: "Every train that pulls into St. Paul and Minneapolis from the Northwest these days is loaded down with extra coaches from which emerge hundreds of harvest hands returning East and South from the great wheat belt. Rough, bronzed, husky, overalled, they make a picturesque sight as they swing off the cars and swarm the railway stations. About a third of the people who in the months of August, September and part of October eat and sleep in the State of North Dakota are non-residents—harvest hands there to help garner the giant wheat crops. This may be said almost equally well of South Dakota; some sections of Minnesota, Washington and Oregon; the great land of promise in Canada, embraced by the provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan, British Columbia; and in lesser degree, perhaps, of Nebraska, Kansas and Oaklahoma have an earlier season. In other words, 300,000 men pour into the Northwest country from the outside to help in the eventual answering of the world's prayer, 'Give us this day our daily bread.' Who are the men? Where do they come from? are the questions well asked. Lumber jacks and mill-hands from Michigan, Minnesota and Canadian lumber camps, half-breeds from the reservations, stevedores and deck-hands from the Mississippi and the Great Lakes, farm hands and even farmers from the Middle and Central States where harvesting is over, school teachers, college students anxious to make money fast before school opens, railroad paddies, tramps and roustabouts from everywhere. It is a motley constituency that harvests our grain crop for us. All the great floating population of the nation centers in the Northwest at this season. The term 'floaters' may be used with special aptness in the case of the many lumber jacks from the spring 'drive' who float down the Mississippi early in the summer for the harvest season in Oklahoma and work north as the season advances to end up in Alberta, perhaps, where the snow flies. The high standard of wages is supposed to be the attractive force, but more often it is just 'Die Wanderlust,' the passion for excitement and the desire to see new people, new places and new situations."

In an article in Appleton's Magazine for November, the Rev. Dr. Charles F. Aked says of the present misuse of Sunday: "If continued, as it seems likely to be, can bring day: "If continued, as it seems likely to be, it can bring disaster here and now. What we need is not the restoration of the ritual Sabbath, the Sabbath of our pious ancestors, which did more to make religion hateful to the growing boy than all the parables did to make it lovely. We must not foster the idea that one day belongs to God and six to ourselves. Yet a real Sabbath, a Sabbath diviner because human, is more needed today than ever before in the history of the world, and by us, perhaps, more than by any other people on earth. The eternal need remains, the need for rest and recreation—re-creation, the making over again of mind and spirit—and for organized religious work and

worship without which the soul droops and dies. It is the denial to ourselves of such divine renewal of the highest there is in us which threatens this country with calamity." Of the Sunday newspaper Dr. Aked says: "There is no need for the Sunday paper. We should not go to hell if we were not able to gobble up the latest divorces and murders, the latest scandal, and the dreary humor of the comic supplement, before getting out of bed in the morning. We might keep body and soul together, even if we had no ticker talk between Saturday night and Monday morning. And so with the whole round of the frivolous, foolish, futile Sunday in which people are indulging. The automobile, the dinner party, whist, drive and bridge, and all the thousand and one dissipations of our modern Sunday represent the very quintessence of stupidity into which a passion for pleasure has plunged society. And they are fruitful of evil consequences. Nature is not to be outraged with impunity. Atrophy of what is highest and best within us is her revenge. We are living faster than men ever lived before. Of no people on earth is this so true as of the American people. And the American, so keen, so restless, living in every hour with such an output of his irresistible vitality, is precisely the man who cannot do without that which the Church and the ministry can alone supply. He may turn his back upon them if he will. But he will be the loser by it. His soul will shrivel up. As imperiously as the mind claims development and culture, nay, more imperiously than these, do the higher instincts of our nature claim their meed of spiritual sustenance."

THE CARMELITE NUNS OF SAN FRANCISCO.

(Five Carmelite sisters arrived in San Francisco the first week in October, and after three days in which to greet members of other orders and friends and kindred went again into the seclusion of that most ascetic of Roman Catholic orders. In order that our readers may know a little what is going on religiously among our Roman Catholic people we give here in part an article concerning these sisters and their order, which appeared in a recent number of The Monitor.—Editor.)

The home of Robert Louis Stevenson's widow on Hyde street, which was spared from the ravages of the great fire by the devotion of the artist and literary colony of San Francisco, who abandoned cheerfully their own lares and penates to destruction, the better to devote their efforts to the saving of the house enshrining the relics and mementoes of the famous poet and author, was the scene on Sunday last of a reception, the like of which San Francisco has never before witnessed—a reception wherein society, "all decked in its bright array," assembled in force to pay a parting visit to five sweet-faced, low-voiced, quiet women, in the humble garb of the "bare-footed Carmelites," who Monday evening, again entered upon the cloistered seclusion from which they had temporarily emerged, to pass away forever from contact with the world, and enter upon a life of prayer, fasting and severe penance, for the benefit of erring humanity. "Whether in the body or out of the body," remembering always the cry of the Royal Prophet: "He hath had regard to the prayer of the humble; and He hath not despised their petition."

Although the Carmelite nuns have entered San Francisco for the first time, they have the distinction of being the pioneer order of Sisters in the United States, coming to Baltimore from Antwerp in 1790, and there establishing a convent, which is at present the mother house of the order.

The five sisters installed in the Stevenson house, which is a gift to the order from Mr. and Mrs. Frank J. Sullivan, whose eldest daughter, Ada, under the religious name of Sister Agnes, is one of their number, come from the Carmelite convent at Roxbury, a suburb of Boston, and are under the charge of Reverend Mother Augustine, who will be the Superior of the local convent.

The Carmelites are the most ascetic order in the Catholic church. Their habit is of the simplest, consisting of a coarse, loose robe of undyed brown woolen material, over which is worn a long, brown scapular. A very coarse, white lined 'toque" covers the head and is swathed about the throat, and over this is worn a veil of black linen, it being a rule of the order that they must use only linen and woolen materials. A large crucifix is worn over the heart, and at the side is a hermit's rosary of large wooden beads, with a cross, also of wood, strung on a leather thong. On the otherwise bare feet are worn white woven linen cord "alpargates," or sandals, imported especially for the order from Spain.

An adjunct to the habit is a cloak of white woolen material fastened at the throat by lops and a curious wooden peg. The costume follows closely the garb of "St. Therese de L'Enfant Jesus et de la Sainte Face," the patron of the order.

The cells are furnished with a straw sack spread on a wooden board and trestles, a small wooden table and a wooden cross.

The sisters never eat meat. They observe a particularly long fast, beginning in September and lasting until Easter, during which the strictest lenten regimen is enforced.

Their object is prayer, penance and meditation for the benefit of humanity and for the souls in purgatory. For the benefit of those who desire the prayers of the nuns, a circular revolving cupboard called "the turn," has been placed in one of the walls of the lower hall, in which petitions may be placed. A bell summons a sister who removes the petitions from the other side.

Of the five sisters at present in San Francisco, four entered the cloister Monday evening, the fifth being appointed an 'out sister," to keep up any communication with the outside world.

The salon parlor of the Stevenson house, hung with tapa cloths, a memory of the poet's island home, is the chapel of the order. On the raised platform at the end, devoted by Mrs. Stevenson to her famous husband's relics, stands, as on a fitting receptacle, the simple white altar, upon which as on the carved oaken pews, the light sifts softly through the stained windows. This chapel is to be always open to the public.

On Sunday morning at seven o'clock Archbishop Roardan said Mass in the chapel and afterwards blessed the house. Sunday afternoon at 4:30, Father Maxmillian, from the Franciscan monastery on Golden Gate avenue, held benediction service, at which many friends of the sisters were present.

One of the fathers from the Franciscan monastery will be appointed as chaplain to the order.

Many build as cathedrals were built; the part nearest the ground finished, but that part which soars toward heaven, the turrets and spires, forever incomplete.—Beecher.

LAYMEN'S MISSIONARY MOVEMENT.

The Story of Its Progress by J. Campbell White, the General Secretary.

Remarkable progress continues to characterize the development of the Laymen's Missionary Movement. Not only is the world ripe for a great advance on the part of the church, but the men of the church seem eager for something more worth while than material gain to which to devote their best intelligence and energy.

At the present moment, a national missionary campaign is on in Canada, under the auspices of the movement. At twenty centers, from Sydney, on the Atlantic, to Victoria, on the Pacific, campaigns are being conducted during September and October. The one question being considered at all of these centers is this: Will Canada evangelize her share of the world?

At this writing six of the twenty campaigns have been held. Without exception they have been marked by intense interest and profound conviction. Every city visited, at each of which there were representatives present from the surrounding district, clear and unequivocal answers have been given to the above question which unifies the whole series. It is estimated by Canadian missionary leaders that the churches of the Dominion, numbering about 900,000 communicants, should evangelize forty million people in the non-Christian world. The various denominations in Canada, and one city after another, are seriously accepting their proportion of this responsibility, involving as it does in many cases the trebling or quadrupling of their aggregate missionary offerings.

Every missionary board in Canada is co-operating to the full extent of its power, in this interdenominational national campaign. One or more of the secretaries of each board is making the trip to the Pacific Coast, to participate in the meetings. A large number of business men, at their own expense, are traveling long distances to assist in enlisting the laymen of all Canada in this splendid enterprise. At least four of them are taking the trip all the way from Toronto to Vancouver in this way. One of the most prominent and successful business men of Toronto has publicly declared that he will never add another dollar to his capital, but will hereafter devote his whole income to the extension of the kingdom of Christ.

A splendid contribution to the success of the meetings in the Maratime Provinces was made by Mr. D. F. Wilber, the American Consul-General at Halifax. He gave a week at this time to attending four of the city campaigns. His story is very remarkable. Three years ago he went to Singapore as the American Consul-General, as he himself says, "a man of the world." During his two years residence there, the evidence of the transforming power of the gospel, upon the heathen all about him, was so overwhelming, that both he and his wife surrendered their own lives to Christ, and now count it their chief joy to promote the world-wide kingdom. It was a very discerning remark he made to me during the week we spent together, when he said, "Nothing is doing so much to produce cordial relations between Canada and the United States, as this Laymen's Missionary Movement.

It was thought best to have the Canada national campaign during the period preceding the presidential election in the United States. As soon as the election excitement is over, the schedule of Laymen's Movement Campaigns in the United States will begin. On November 10 and 11 at St. Louis, the laymen of the Methodist Episcopal Church are gathering to launch their denominational Laymen's Missionary Movement, the object of which is to add a million dollars annually for the next four years, to the foreign missionary offerings of that church.

On November 12, at Chicago, the Baptist Brotherhood Convention will assemble, and one of their main themes is the relation of Baptist laymen to the evangelization of the 61 millions of non-Christians who constitute the field of that church.

On November 14, at Boston, the General Committee of the Laymen's Movement, consisting of over 100 laymen from all parts of the United States and Canada, will hold its annual meeting. Many of the members of the committee will remain to assist in the great interdenominational campaign under the auspices of the movement, to be held in Boston, November 15 to 22.

On December 3-6, the first Interdenominational State Convention of the Laymen's Missionary Movement will be held at Atlanta. All denominations are co-operating to bring together their best laymen from all parts of the state. The movement has now reached the stage when it can only meet the demands upon it by dealing with states as units. Four state conventions are already fixed for Georgia, Iowa, Minnesota and Wisconsin. Several others will be held during the winter. It is expected in this way to be able to propagate the spirit of the movement most rapidly and effectively.

The movement has now eight secretaries giving their time to answering a fraction of the calls that come for the presentation of the work. Three of these are secretaries of the general movement, Mr. Herbert K. Caskey, of Philadelphia, having joined the force recently. One secretary is employed by the Canadian Council of the Movement. Two are engaged in the movement in the Southern Presbyterian Church, and one each in the Southern Methodist and Southern Baptist Laymen's HoxevmentniaSmfairpotGtOoofnri n ern Baptist Laymen's Movements. At least two other denominational movements are now seeking suitable secretaries.

Thus on every hand, the spirit of the movement spreads, further and faster than any one can trace or record. God is at work and we can only see or understand a fraction of his product in the lives of the people.

My confidence grows stronger as the providential indications multiply, that the greatest missionary development of human history is upon us. It will be accompanied by the greatest revival which the church has ever experienced. By undertaking to save the world, the church itself will be saved from materialism, formalism, commercialism, and indifference to the will of God.

PREACHING OLD DOCTRINES IN NEW TIMES.

By Herrick Johnson, D.D.

[There was published recently by the Fleming H. Revell Company of New York a comprehensive handbook on homiletics, bearing the title, "The Ideal Ministry." It is the work of the Rev. Dr. Herrick Johnson of the chair of homiletics in McCormick Theological Seminary, Chicago. Dr. Johnson has been spoken of as "a life-long mentor of his fellow ministers in the art of preaching." To many years of active pastoral service he added twenty-five years as professor of homiletics, nd he now sends forth a book of large value to all who are seeking to perfect themselves in the art of preaching. The book consists of 488 pages and is furnished at $1.75 net. The article herewith, one

of general interest, and a most timely one, is taken from this volume.—Editor.]

1. What do we mean by old doctrines? And what do we mean by the new times? Definite knowledge of what these new things are is in order before we undertake to fit the one to the other. Let us have a roll-call of the old doctrines, and then let us have a characterization of the new times. With these fairly in mind, we may be well on the road to their best adjustment.

If the old doctrines are the doctrines of God, of Christ, of the Holy Spirit, of sin and its punishment, of God's love in the divine incarnation, of the life, death, resurrection, ascension, and intercession of Jesus Christ, of his atoning expiatory sacrifice, of everlasting reward and punishment, of justification by faith, of spiritual regeneration, repentance for sin and growth in grace, of death and the resurrection and the judgment—these, and doctrines like them, the profoundest truths ever grasped by the human mind, and that make the book that contains them the completest and the all-sufficient revelation of God to man—these are old doctrines; old yet ever new, that may change their form but not their substance; whose order of succession, whose method of illustration, and whose proportionate expression may vary with the successive centuries, but whose inner and eternal realities are like him in whom they inhere, and from whom they came, "the same yesterday, today and forever."

"Heredity" and "environment" and "the stream of tendency" and "the survival of the fittest" and "the law of selection" have not done away with sin. "Atrophy by disuse" is only a partial answer to the scriptural doom of death. The fires of intense physical tortures as the penalties of sin may have burned out, but the fierce flames of a wrathful conscience have not burned out; and the human bosom is still wrung with the cry of Satan, "Which way I fly is hell; myself am hell." Evolution still leaves us bridgeless gulfs that only the divine interposition involved in the incarnation and the resurrection of Jesus Christ, and in the regeneration of a human soul, can help us over. Personal responsibility is not yet resolved into a "brain-rack." The "I" of personality is still the tremendous factor in human existence. The word "ought" is still in all dictionaries. The "reign of law" makes more room for God.

2. What now of the "new times?" Is this a mere phrase, the coinage of the hour? Or does it stand for a recognizable and indisputable fact? The times are new, beyond a doubt. They are ever new. There is no long dead-level either of excellence or stupidity. New conditions prevail. New forces are let loose. New social order is established. There's a new world next door. The nations have entered into such near relation to each other that any hour they may hold a conversational club meeting. Society is complex, yet so knit together that ideas spread like a contagion. The stir is prodigious. A heart-beat is felt around the world. If a man who "fell on sleep" a hundred years ago should wake up now, he would rub his eyes and say: "Old things have passed away. Behold, all things have become new." New men, new measures, new thinking, new agencies, new processes, new relations. New ideas come trooping in at new sides of the mind. New forces are at play, changing mental attitudes suggesting mental challenges, threatening to play havoc, or playing havoc, with mental convictions. Warfare is not waged as it was. Business is not done as it was. News is not heralded as it was. Out of what struggle and push and whirl and weariness men come into Sunday! The pulpit now has a harder task than it ever had in this world. As Ruskin once put it, "Thirty minutes to raise the dead in!"

3. How, now, shall the old doctrines be preached in these new times?

(a) In their totality. The "times" cannot change the truths or the facts. Man's need as a sinner, Christ's power unto salvation, and everlasting life and death, remain persistent factors in all social relations, and in spite of all scientific discoveries. When we get to putting great doctrines of God on the shelf because they are not suitable or palatable, we are guilty of Saul's sin of substituting sacrifice for obedience; and however sweet-smelling the savor of some other truth we bring, it will no more find favor with God than Saul's best sheep and oxen. The new times must hide no truth. It would be strange, indeed, to further God's cause and kingdom of truth by proving infidel to God-ordained truth.

(b) Again, the old doctrines must be preached in their scriptural fullness.

Just what they mean in God's word, they must mean in the modern pulpit. To preach the old truths, and yet so preach them that they are emptied of their deep and essential significance, is as great recreancy to truth as not to preach them at all. Hell is hell, and Christ made it dreadful by every figure of speech. And to hide its terrible features by a euphemism, to interpret all the dreadful imagery that is used in scripture for setting hell forth as if it indicated mere atrophy of powers, or the mere searing of conscience, or the mere shriveling of the soul at last into nothingness, is to preach a hell that many a man would welcome as he left this world, counting entrance into it a positive joy.

And to preach Christ crucified as a marvelous "governmental expedient," or a mighty "moral influence," or a matchless "vicarious sacrifice," would be to preach the truth of the atonement indeed, but not all the truth. To set forth that marvel and miracle of grace in all its scriptural fullness is to put into the doctrine of the atonement expiation for sin. The world is full of vicarious sacrifice, but there never was but one exhibition of it that affected sin, and made it possible for God to forgive the sinner. A mother may suffer cheerfully, and to the point of death in her child's behalf and stead, but no anguish of her soul can take her child's sin away. The absolutely unique and transcendent thing in Christ's sacrifice is this, that it is expiatory. And to preach the doctrine of the atonement with this left out is to preach the doctrine with its heart left out.

So, too, with all the old great truths. Love and law go hand in hand. Mercy and truth meet and kiss each other. Millions of free wills act and interact in the midst of sovereign and eternal purpose. We shall find the harmonies if we go deep enough. All seeming antagonisms melt into friendships in the divine reciprocity of the kingdom of God. Each old doctrine holds in its fullness, and must be preached in its fullness in old times and new times.

(c) But again, the old doctrines are to be preached in the new times with constant regard to the law of adaptation.

"Study to show thyself approved unto God, a workman unshamed by his work," is the perpetual divine injunction. (1) Bows are not to be "drawn at a venture." Haphazard shots, simply because the arrow is drawn from the quiver of God's word, can have no justification. Adaptation is the magic thing that will fit the old doctrine to the new times. Not adaptation that looks to change of fundamental truth that would cut and hew and chip away at doctrine until it was so disfigured and marred as no longer to reflect the

divine image, or to be radiant with the glory of God upon it; but adaptation that looks to change in the method of handling doctrine, and of fitting it into present living need, this is the necessity. Not elimination, nor modification, but adjustment.

(2) This adaptation will have respect to men as they are; not as they were fifty years ago, not as they will be fifty years hence; not as they ought to be today, but as they are today. The actual human nature in the pew before the preacher Sabbath by Sabbath—this is the study of the man of God, next to his Bible, and equally with his Bible. Coordinate with scripture exegesis will be this exegesis of human nature, this reading of heart histories, this investigation of methods of approach, this purpose to know what his hearers are thinking about, what defenses they are building, what subterfuges they are resorting to, what the secret, subtle, and sometimes unconscious reason is, for their indifference, or their antagonism, or their active opposition. He must get at them, get along side of them, lovingly, sympathetically, practically, sinuously. A burglar will make a study of a bank vault for weeks and months that he may get at its elaborately locked-up and triple-bolted treasures. Too many preachers spend much time in studying the deep things of God, but no time at all in studying how to get these deep things of God into the depths of a human heart.

Some belligerent preachers come with a battering ram every Sabbath as if every hearer's heart were a fortress, walled up at every avenue of approach, and encased in steel, and to be entered only by sheer force. Some are forever making a downy pillow of the gospel, and shying it at people week by week, as if those making up the whirl of the world, whether in Millionaire Avenue or Little Hell, were aching and sighing for the touch of the gospel's feathery softness, and wanting nothing else on earth but a gospel lullaby!

Adaptation! Adaptation! It is the magic word that will make an old doctrine fit to any time, and seem like a birth of yesterday in its sweetness and light.

(3) Of course the perspective, and therefore the proportion and the emphasis of truth, will change with the changing years and customs and habits of thought and needs and antagonisms of men. The burning question is not always the same question. The theory of a process of God is not always the process. Inspiration is far more than any theory of inspiration. That an old theory has been exploded is no proof that the doctrine has been exploded. The crude notions of creation are exploded; but "In the beginning God created heaven and earth," opens the record of scripture today with all the authority of a thousand years ago. Punishment may not be literal fire any more, but to correct the crude conception of the doctrine of retribution that made hell a bed of hot coals is not to cease to preach the doctrine of retribution for sin. Dives, the rich man, begging for a drop of water to cool his tongue, may not mean physical torment of flame, but it means something unspeakable. And science joins hands with scripture in the contention that as a man sows he shall surely reap.

A CALL TO REJOICE.

Fred Field Goodsell.

Something has happened. A new day has dawned in Turkey. The glow of new hopes makes every heart radiant with joy. The unexpected has become a reality. The old days are passed away. They are referred to as the "ancient regime." The pulse of new life is throbbing throughout the whole empire.

The story of what has happened and how it happened has been told and retold and heralded around the world. The eyes of the nations are on Turkey. Her doings are no longer enveloped in silence and mystery. The day of opportunity has come for those political forces, long since stirring, which under the providence of God seem destined to give the Occident reason to change its idea of the Turk.

Great joy has come to many hearts, but no one is happier at the turn of events than the Christian missionary in Turkey. Always loyal to the government so far as its wishes and purposes have been understood, he now rejoices that the spirit of loyalty may seek and find positive forms of expression. What the abolishment of the system of spies, internal and external, and the removal of the censorship mean, he is in a position to appreciate. That the struggle against corruption and intrigue will be a hard and long one, no one realizes better than he, but he rejoices that it has really begun. He rejoices to see the races drawing together in friendship. This seems to him to be the best of all good news. In this city Turks and Armenians march arm in arm cheering the Star and Crescent. Cities in which the war of the races has been as bitter as a pitched battle have been transformed into homes of peace. He rejoices at the prospect of larger opportunities opened up to the higher educational institutions. Muslim students will be found in every college. He rejoices at the spirit of progress which is finding expression in the new and strange doings of leagues of reform and progress, in the betterment of city governments, in the establishment of newspapers, in the promotion of industry, in the removal of obstructions to travel and trade, in the improvement of means of communication, in the revival of interest in education, in the assurance of religious liberty. His joy is tempered by the thought that the pain of real progress may often in days to come be as severe as the suffering in the old days of oppression; nevertheless he rises almost to the point of exultation upon which St. Paul stood when he claimed and exclaimed, "Thanks be unto God who always leadeth us in triumph in Christ and maketh manifest through us the savor of his knowledge in every place."

Aintab, Sept. 12th, 1908.

REPORT OF THE COMMITTEE ON THE LABOR QUESTION.

[Presented by the Rev. E. H. Price at the anual meeting of the Southern California Conference of Cong'l. Churches.]

The chairman of the committee on the Labor Question has been to no little pains to discover what are the duties of this committee, but he found no one who knew more than the name seems to suggest. The committee can report no meetings and nothing attempted.

Since there is no particular phase of the Labor Question suggested, this report will be very general and also brief, yet we shall attempt to indicate something of the interest that the church is taking today in this aspect of our social problem.

The Labor Question is simply one part of the larger question that has to do with our industrial system. The question is forcing itself on our attention, whether we will or no, whether our industrial system, as a whole, can be defended from the standpoint of Christian ethics.

Those who are seeking a better social condition are divided into two camps. Those in the one camp, and by far the larger, say that our system is all right; that it is the result of past and present forces and future hopes, that the present privations, injustices and sufferings are but incidents due to avarice or other moral degeneracy. Their remedy is "a square deal." Those of the other camp say

that the system is wrong, that we need not look for better social conditions than we have till we change the system. They say that bad men are bad because of a bad system, and if you get a good system established you will have good men as a result. This latter opinion is growing all over the world with leaps and bounds, and has an ethical and emotional earnestness that simulates that of the early Christian church. They are sure that there can be no such a thing as a "square deal" between society and the robber, whether it be the Standard Oil or the more common thug, until the stolen goods are restored to the rightful owners and the robber is reformed and made a useful member of society. The line of solution the future alone can reveal; but it probably lies along the road of a "square deal" as we change some of our laws and customs.

2. The Church Taking Notice.

The church is beginning to take notice. For years it has said to the laboring classes, it has seemed much as the attitude of the priest and the Levite must have seemed to the man who fell among thieves, nothing helpful about it. It should not surprise us today to find so many of these people finding in socialism their Good Samaritan. But the church is going to show, not that she has sympathy with struggling humanity, but that she exists for no other purpose than to make the Kingdom of God a reality here on this earth. And when that kingdom is realized it will not permit robbers to infest the road from Jerusalem to Jericho.

At the recent Presbyterian General Assembly there was held the largest gathering of men that ever came together uner Presbyterian auspices and it was a meeting for laboring men, and the theme discussed was Christianity.

The subject that created the most wide-spread and heated discussion at the recent Pan-Angelican Congress in London was this same question of the relation of the church to our industrial system. Many of the ministers came out in clear cut declaration for socialism.

In the Lambeth Encyclical letter recently issued I find the following words, "The bishops urge upon the church the 'practical recognition of moral responsibility involved in their investments,' and this responsibility extends to the character of the business, the treatment of the persons employed and the payment of a just wage."

Following I give some pertinent paragraphs taken from random reading:

"The commercial system of today is outside the ethical influence of the Christian Church. Capitalism, as a system, is unmoral. The question before the church is shall she permit this system to stand entirely apart from her influence or whether she shall permeate it with Christian ethics; or shall she form certain boundaries within which it must confine its operations?—From Speech at the Pan-Anglican Congress.

It was urged before the Congress that the church must go into the political solution of social questions and not leave it to the Labor Party with materialism behind it to lead the way. "One side of the medal is monopoly on the other side starvation." It becomes a tissue of pretended laws of industry, by which selfishness glosses over to itself the full consequences of its own passion." Canon Scott Holland spoke with great earnestness on the desirability of a law establishing a minimum wage. "No man who is willing and able to work should be left without an opportunity to do work of some kind. This is a right that is as inalienable as life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. Not to seek to bring about a condition so that there shall be no idle men is to stultify the teachings of Christianity. The public conscience must be aroused on this point so that society shall furnish such with work."

The panic of a year ago has thrown thousands of men out of employment and there has been an almost unprecedented crime wave sweep over our land. Men feel that something is wrong and resent it. And there is somthing wrong when want, privation and hunger stamp themselves upon the faces of tens of thousands of men women and children in a year of plenty. And the Church must help right the wrong, or be thrown aside out of the current of the nation's life.

Morris Hilquit was cheered, when before the N. Y. Economic Club he spoke the following words: "The socialists claim that the system which allows one man, no matter how great or good, to accumulate material wealth enough to last thousands of families through countless generations to come, while innocent babes around him perish for lack of food and air, while sheer privation drives hosts of his fellow men and women into paths of crime and vice, is inhuman, irrational, and immoral, and the socialists strive to change that system."

In the Congregationalist of Sep. 19th are these words, "If we feel that socialism is a pathetic substitute for Christianity let us remember that so long as the Church regards the world of industry as foreign territory, so long those who are inextricably involved in the present industrial order will create a new religion for themselves."

In reply to a letter of mine, a recent university graduate who is a carpenter and belongs to the union, and has been working at his trade the last year, says, "In my judgment nine-tenths of the criticism against the church is really against the renegades who enter the church to use it as a cloak for sharp practices." "Make the name Christian synonomous with honesty and a square deal and laboring men as a whole will welcome the Church and its influence."

2. What the Church Can Do.

(a) Take up the study of social questions under the direction of Rev. Stelzele, in his Correspondence Course in Applied Christianity. The charges are $5.00 for literature and postage and one can enroll by writing to Charles Stelzele, 156 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

(b) Follow the course put out by the American Institute of Social Service, conducted by Josiah Strong. His address is, Bible House, New York City.

E. H. PRICE,
F. L. KINGSBURY,
M. E. CHURCHILL.
Committee on Labor Question.

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR TOPIC FOR NOVEMBER 1.

Songs of the Heart—The Sleepless Watcher. Psalm 121.

(Consecration Meeting.)

This is the second of fifteen psalms (120-134) which are called by the same title "A Song of Ascents." We have here evidently a psalter within the psalter. The meaning of this general title is not certain, but there is general agreement that these "songs of the goings up" were sung by the pilgrim bands as they went up to Jerusalem at the great feasts. This little psalter is then to be designated as "The Hymn-book of the Pilgrims," and was used by the Jews through all their national history. These psalms embody reference to that greater "going up" or exodus from the Babylonian exile to the land of Palestine, and may be considered to symbolize that return. It is on this account that we may assume that Psalm 120, "The Exile's Cry" is placed first in this collection.

Although brief and simple the 121st Psalm is one of the most precious and beloved of the whole series. Its central thought is the keeping power of Jehovah, that constant care and providence of that God who watching over his Israel, slumbers not nor sleeps. The quietness and peace that are born of this confidence breathe through the sweet sadness of this psalm. How many a timid heart has found serenity and courage through the reading of this pilgrim-song. Over and over again the psalmist repeats that phrase which is the soul's shield and buckler—"the Lord thy keeper;" and in each stanza courage and confidence rise higher and higher unto perfect rest and peace.

The psalm opens with those words that have kindled the imagination of poet, artist and musician. Verse and art and music have striven with each other to give expression to that upward look of human souls. Listen to these eloquent words of Quayle—"'I will lift mine eyes unto the hills' is not the saying of one man, but of a race

of men. We valley-dwellers grow so wearied; but when across long distance a range of mountains stands blue and beautiful along the sky, and lifts a height of silver up to catch the sun; and the sunlight smiles from the mountain sides; and all the while great unperturbed quiet rests there, no wind seems blowing, no restlessness pervades the engaging calm—then we look and say: 'The name of that mountain is Peace.' . . . . Mountains have caught the eyes and thoughts and imaginations of centuries too numerous to count. They have filled men with a sense of heaven approachable and God accessible. They were ladders earth had, with a toil unspeakable, thrown up against the lintel of the day."

We do not know whether the inspiration of that passage was the exile's longing on the plains of Babylon for the blue hills of his fatherland, or the pilgrim's desire for that mountain on which the Lord dwelt in his temple, but it is certain that this single line enshrines humanity's upward look.

The question that follows is not asked in fear, but in faith. The eye lifted to the mountains sees beyond them that Jehovah whose eternity and power they figure, the Lord who made heaven and earth.

The second stanza (verses 3-4) sets forth the beautiful thought of the sleepless vigilance of God, watching over his Israel. Night and day whether we sleep or wake, his care and loving kindness never cease.

The third (verses 5-6) and the fourth (verses 7-8) reiterate with many variations the great dominant thought of "The Lord thy Keeper." From dangers by day and night, as we go in and out in our daily tasks and toil, from all manner of evil he shall keep our souls.

This is one of the psalms that should be kept in the memory of every Christian Endeavorer. If you do not know this psalm, commit it to memory. Let it sink into your deepest self, become a part of your innermost life. And in hours of dangers, of sorrow, of trial, of temptation, which shall come to you as they come to all, you will find the sweet and familiar phrases of this song of the heart speak peace to your troubled soul. Take this pilgrim psalm with you in your life's pilgrimage, that the Lord may be your Keeper, until you come in sight of the Delectable Mountains and your feet stand within the Promised Land.

Among the Churches.

California.

Ceres.—The new building will be dedicated one week from next Sunday.

Oakland, Plymouth.—The Sunday-school attendance reached 200 last Sunday.

Stockton.—Pastor Sink has just begun a series of most interesting and helpful illustrated sermons on Sunday evenings on "The Life and Land of Jesus." The pastor is to make the themes most evangelical.

Berkeley, Park.—The Sunday-school reached 190 in attendance last Sunday. Superintendent Burke of the Anti-Saloon League spoke Sunday evening and pledges for the work to the amount of $50 were made.

Lockeford.—The church though pastorless for a few weeks is moving along nicely. About one hundred dollars is being expended in making some new class rooms. Rev. H. G. Miller, the recent pastor, was compelled to leave as he found the work of the pastorate too heavy. The church much regretted his departure.

Angels Camp.—Fourteen were received into the church at the recent communion service, eight on confession of faith. The Christian Endeavor Society will place new pews In this section are three ministers, two doctors and one Doane has been in charge of the work here nine months and it is in a very encouraging condition. A flourishing Junior C. E. Society has been organized under the leadership of the pastor's wife.

Oakland, Pilgrim.—The church gives a farewell reception to Dr. and Mrs. Brooks next Friday evening. A council for the dismissal of the pastor will meet at half past seven that evening. Following this will be the reception. Dr. Brooks preaches his final sermons next Sunday. A week will be spent with relatives in Southern California, and departure will be made for Walla Walla so as to be in his pulpit there on the 8th of November.

Long Beach, First.—In the six months since the pastor came, accessions have numbered 19. A Brotherhood has been organized, one section of which is taking up study in the course prescribed by the American Institute of Social Service, and is finding the work tremendously fascinating. In this section are three ministers, two tdoctors and one teacher, beside business men. The boys' organization, the Brotherhood of David, after a recess, during the summer. is meeting weekly with anticipations of a jolly winter. The Women's Work Society is combining some Home Missionary reading with their sewing meetings. The church was well represented at the Southern California Conference, and anticipates the coming of the conference to Long Beach next spring.

Heber, Imperial Valley.—Rev. and Mrs. R. L. Glasley and Master Kenneth have returned after a three months' vacation. As they neared their home, the minister's wife had visions of "acres of dirt" that had accumulated in the house since her departure. She thought of the desolateness of the desert town with its three women and two children: of the rows of tin cans from which she was expected to produce something appetizing. She contrasted this vision with the pleasant surroundings they had just turned their backs upon. Do you wonder that there was a smothered sigh? A tear not shed? A wondering at the leading of Providence? The canteloupe sheds and new hotel hove in sight, the train stopped, the family alighted. No one to meet them, everything desolate. The minister's wife pulled down her veil and started toward her home . The nearer they came the more evidences of the signs of life were evinced. Suddenly a little girl that just couldn't keep still any longer, burst forth. The house was full of happy, joyous faces. A table was spread with every luxury at hand. The minister's wife couldn't eat much and the minister couldn't talk much. In fact no one could think of much to say. There was too much real, deep feeling present. Words were superfluous. The funniest thing that happened was just before dinner was served, when Prof. Booth, dean of the new college, appeared with a kettle of hot soup in his hands and was thus introduced to the pastor. It's the

tender expressions on the part of the people that put new life and strength into the heart of any pastor and his family. These are the unspeakable things which overshadow the tears and sighs and sacrifices of the men and women who blaze the path for civilization.

Washington.

Port Angeles.—The Rev. George H. Hull, recently from Maine, is supplying for a time at Port Angeles.

Aberdeen.—Extensive improvements are planned for the Congregational church at Aberdeen.

The Sunday-school Work.—The report of the Sunday-school work in Washington and Northern Idaho last year is exceedingly hopeful and interesting; it is hoped that all will read it with care. Remembering the needs of the work in the immediate future and the swiftly passing opportunities will not the churches respond to the call and provide the necessary three thousand dollars asked for by the Sunday School State Superintendent? This request was made with the endorsement of the Sunday School Committee and then again unanimously endorsed by the State Conference at North Yakima.

SUNDAY SCHOOL MISSIONARY WORK IN WASHINGTON AND NORTHERN IDAHO.

Extracts From the Report of State Superintendent Greene.

We had in our State of Washington, January 1st, 163 Church Sunday-schools, with a reported enrollment of 14,193; 132 Independent or Mission Schools, with an enrollment of 4,060. In addition to these latter are 29 schools organized since January 1st, 1908, with 1,123 membership.

In Northern Idaho there are reported 13 Church Sunday-schools with an enrollment of 845, and 19 Independent or Mission Schools with a membership of 595, besides 6 new schools since January 1, 1908, enrolling 188. These give us a total of 324 Sunday-schools in Washington, having a membership of 19,322, and in Idaho of 38 schools and 20,950 members.

As compared with last year we have an increase in the district of 17 schools and enrollment of 169.

Of last year's list of schools the following have become churches: Anglin, Avovndale, Doty, Medina, Tacoma-Alki, Underwood, Youngstown (now Seattle-Bayview), and of the 1908 Year Book list Allyn, Cliffs, Cusick, Grace, Seattle-Prospect, Shaw Island, 13; and of those having no previous record there are Glenwood, Longbranch, Seattle-Kirkwood, Stevenson and Vaughn (the latter coming to us from the Presbyterians), 5; and 22 schools were dropped from our list on January 1st on account of removals or because of going to other denominations, who it was thought could supply them better than we.

The force of Sunday School Missionary workers is six, the same as last year, employed at an outlay by the society for salaries and travel of $6,381. This is somewhat of an increase over the past year owing somewhat to additional expense of travel.

These missionaries are located at Seattle, Spokane, for Central Washington; at Sunnyside for Southern Washington; at Hood River, Oregon; and at Lewiston, Idaho, for all of Northern Idaho. Each of these workers have great areas to cover and explore and it must not be supposed that they can be too frequently in any one locality, although we aim to give as much attention to each one of our schools as the conditions and justice to other localities will allow.

Early in the present calendar year it was foreseen by the National Society that its income, though larger than during the previous year, would fall short of meeting the enlarged expenditure made by the Society in endeavoring to meet the demands for additional missionaries and increased cost of travel in all sections of the country. It found itself in debt to nearly the amount of $10,000 at the close of their fiscal year in February.

The superintendent was requested to prepare a budget for the ensuing year (this present year) and did so with the hope that at least $1,000 might be added to the amount of previous annual appropriations. This tentative budget was almost immediately returned from the Boston office asking that it might be reduced at least fifty per cent, and further asking if it would not be possible to reduce the force from six men to two and yet care for the work in this great and growing field. The superintendent immediately called together your state Sunday School Committee for consideration of the situation both as to the personnel of the force and the financial outlook. It did not appear to your committee that the number of our working force could in any way be reduced nor the current expense be lessened to any considerable extent without serious injury to the work now in hand, and if the growing towns and villages along our new lines of railway were to be explored and cultivated larger expense would have to be incurred in order that our present missionary force might be all the time afield.

The expense budget was slightly reduced and the proposal made that if necessity absolutely compelled it we would try and do what we could with one missionary less than heretofore. The Standing Sunday School Committee of this Association felt as though they could hardly sustain this proposition but authorized the superintendent to say to the Society that they would do their utmost to secure in this State an increase of offerings for our Sunday School Missionary work so that instead of $2,000 in 1905 and about $1,600 in 1907, we might reach the sum of $3,000 in 1908.

There is a great demand for an increased number of Sunday School missionaries coming to us from various points in the State, and one or more of our growing cities which could give profitable employment to a Sunday School Missionary if the neglected fields in their suburbs were all explored and a promising school planted at every opening—several sections in Eastern Washington and one or more in Western Washington. The German churches are calling for a S. S. Missionary to their people. We need a Swedish S. S. Missionary. One missionary in Northern Idaho cannot do all the work that might be done with large profit to the denomination.

We cannot expect the National Society to give us a larger number of workers until our churches are more generous in their gifts to this work with the possibility before us of very soon losing some of our present force unless we can make a better showing.

The field workers of this Society are the scouts of the Home Missionary army. On their foresight, perseverance and spirit of sacrifice rests the future of Congregationalism in the various sections of our state and country in their rapid development. The establishing and fostering of a Sunday-school and preaching center is the effective way of making a beginnig of permanent religious development in some small but strategically placed community. Washington and Northern Idaho are just full of such strategic points which need almost immediate occupation.

Shall we occupy them for Congregationalism? "We can if we will." We must! The means must be supplied!

Note.—After having the report from which the foregoing extracts were made the State Sunday School Committee by unanimous vote endorsed the report and recommended that the Association heartily approve the plan to raise $3,000 within the bounds of the Association. This was passed unanimously.

NOTES AND PERSONALS.

The Rev. Charles Seccombe of Ontario is in this part of the state for a few days and was at the Monday meeting of the ministers in Berkeley.

The resignation of the Rev. H. B. Mowbray as assistant pastor of the First Congregational Church of Oakland has been accepted regretfully. He will go soon to take charge of the George Jr. Rupublic in Southern California—a work for which he has shown himself to be well adapted by his work with boys and young men in Oakland.

Next Monday the meeting of the ministers of San Francisco and vicinity will be held in the North Berkeley Church. There will be reports from the Conference at Sacramento. At noon lunch will be served in the church and a farewell reception given the Revs. R. C. Brooks and H. B. Mowbray who are to leave our Central California fellowship soon. An invitation has been sent to the wives of the ministers to attend the meeting next Monday.

DEATH OF CLOVERDALE'S OLDEST CITIZEN.

Mrs. Christian Gerkhardt, who had the distinction of being Cloverdale's oldest citizen, passed to her eternal reward on October 12. Death in her case was not a calamity but a glad release. In fact it could hardly be called death, for her, it was a quick transition. "God's finger touched her and she slept." She was at the dinner table here on earth at noon, and before the next meal-time came round she was in the spirit world. On earth, with earthly loved ones at noon; in heaven, with the larger company of loved ones, in the evening ere the sun did set. She was born July 7, 1819, and therefore was in her 90th year. Ninety years is a long time, and in the history of the world those years have been crowded with stirring events. It is not easy to realize that when Mrs. Gerkhardt was born George the Third, that stupid King of England, was living. Napoleon Bonaparte was also alive though his work waws done and he was in confinement at St. Helena. The Duke of Wellington—the Iron Duke—was in his prime. Mrs. Gerkhardt was born 42 days after the birth of Queen Victoria—Victoria the Good. When she was born Lord Byron was living, so was Thomas Carlyle, Charles Lamb, Daniel DeFoe, Thomas DeQuincey, Sir Walter Scott, William Wordsworth, and so also was living Wolfgang Von Goethe, her own German poet and philosopher. The first railroad had not been built, and nothing was known of a great many of the inventions which minister to our comfort and civilization today. George Washington had been dead only 20 years, and our country was in its infancy with a population of perhaps ten millions, and California was almost unknown. In her lifetime twenty-one presidents of the United States, many European kings, and a few queens passed into the all-revealing light. Mrs. Gerkhardt was indeed a link connecting the present with the distant past.

She came to Cloverdale in 1856, when the district was almost uninhabited, and she and her husband kept the old Cloverdale hotel, and this fact helped to make them widely known. Mrs. Gerkhardt was a charter member of the Congregational Church and had known it from the very beginning. She was a loyal and devoted servant of the church, and attended its services until very recently, and upon many occasions the church benefitted by her substantial benefactions. She was a Christian with a very simple faith, optimistic by nature, and always ready to say "The will of the Lord be done." Four years ago her home was burned down, since which time she has been tenderly cared for by Mr. and Mrs. Hagmayer—Mr. Hagmayer being her nephew.

The funeral service was held in the Congregational church, the pastor, Rev. Henry Ainsworth, giving the address, after which she was laid to rest in the Cloverdale Cemetery.

THE HOME

WHAT GIRLS SHOULD READ

Twenty years ago a girl's reading was carefully chosen for her by responsible persons. She was not at liberty to choose a book. This system had its drawbacks. It had also its distinct advantages. One of the drawbacks was that girls were given books of a very "namby-pamby" description, neither calculated to entertain nor improve the mind. I recall some of these "Girls' Books," which had a sickly vein of sentimentalism calculated to enervate the moral tone they were obviously intended to raise. On the other hand, girls were not imbibing rank poison, as many, only just in their teens, are doing to-day. Now girls go to a lending library and carry off just what book they please, which would have been impossible under the old, narrower, but safer regime. Last summer I had a striking proof of the dangers of promiscuous reading in which girls now indulge. I happened to be alone with a girl of about seventeen in a railway carriage. She was a particularly nice girl to all appearance, with a fresh, piquant face and laughing candid eyes. As soon as the train started she opened a bag, and took out a six shilling novel, bearing a library label, and commenced to devour it.

Being always curious as to what girls read, I glanced at the title, and was absolutely horrified to find that it was a book which I had refused to review for a literary journal on whose staff I was at the time on account of its disgusting nature. I will not give the title of the book, as I do not wish to advertise it, but it was by far the filthiest book I had ever had the misfortune to come across in any language. And here before me was a fresh young girl, only just out of the school-room, fouling her mind with its loathsome teaching.

"My dear," I said, interrupting her reading, "do not read that book. No nice girl would ever read it. Take my advice, return it to the library, and ask some older person to choose your books for you."

"But it's awfully interesting," she answered, with a touch of pique not uncommon in girls who just begin to feel themselves women and above criticism.

"That may be," I replied; "but no nice person would respect a girl who would choose to read it."

"I always choose my own books, as all my friends do," she told me, and made a pretence of going on reading. But I noted that another page did not get turned.

This incident set me thinking, and I saw one reason at least why women are degenerating. I remembered, too, how sure of success a novelist was who would write a sex novel sufficiently unrestrained. For such a novel there was a public at once, and plenty of unholy dollars.

Then I turned my attention to the consideration of what books a young girl should read, and the first book that came to my mind was "Little Women," a book which I think every young girl should read early, for it will give a bias to the mind which will ensure the purity of after reading. Apart from the charm of the story itself, which is undeniable, it is crammed with ideal teaching, in which there is not one grain of cant. No girl could read of Jo's bravery without wanting to be brave, nor of Meg's motherliness to her young sisters without wanting to be a home comfort, nor of little Beth's unselfishness without the wish to be like her. The way in which Amy struggles against her faults is enough to arouse similar endeavor. The "March" family is as real to me as if I had known them all. But, of course, this is a book for younger girls, though even now I can read it with pleasure.

Boys' books are more attractive than books written for girls, and there is no reason why girls should not read them. In fact, I am inclined to advocate them, for they have always a stimulating flavor of pluck and honor. Girls need these qualities quite as much as boys, and the atmosphere created by such writers as Max Pemberton, Warren Bell and Charles Mackay is as healthy for girls as for boys. I have tried Warren Bell's "Tales of Greyhouse," on two or three girls with amazing success. It is an advantage in a girl to get the robuster outlook on life that boys' books afford. Ethel Turner has written some delightful books, which no one, boy, girl, or grownup, could fail to read with pleasure. "Seven Little Australians" is perhaps her best, though "A Little Larrikin" runs it close.

I would not debar a girl from reading novels even if I could. But these novels should be clean and wholesome, which does not mean that they should be void of healthy excitement. There are many novels that come under this category. What could be more enthralling reading than Marion Crawford's "Cigarette Maker's Romance?" Yet the book does not contain a single disagreeable situation.

The modern girl rushes after the last new novel to the utter neglect of old favorites which will still bear the test. "Vanity Fair," "The Newcomes" and "David Copperfield" are voted old-fashioned. The same verdict was passed the other day by a girl in my hearing on that admirable story "John Halifax, Gentleman." The same girl said of "Adam Bede" and "The Mill on the Floss," "I can't read them." But Mrs. Henry Wood's books still are read by girls. Let them read them, by all means. Mrs. Wood has always a story to tell, and there is never even a suggestion of anything which could sully a girl's mind. They bear the stamp of a particularly pure and beautiful mind, which the writer assuredly possessed. I remember her saying to me in reference to a novel which had been sent to her, and which was at that moment upon her table, "What a pity so clever a writer should choose such an unsavory subject, when life teems with subjects which are at once clean and interesting."

Girls can't be expected to read dull books; moreover, books have no right to be dull, any more than they have a right to be evil in tendency. "Goody" books are dull. Good books never are dull.

For sheer breathless interest what can surpass Wilkie Charles Reade's "Never Too Late to Mend," or Conan Doyle's Charles Read's "Never Too Late to Mend," or Conan Doyle's "The Sign of Four," or Max Pemberton's "Iron Pirate?" There is no dearth of exciting fiction which girls may read without danger. But books which deal with situations which are doubtful, with characters which are attractive and immoral, with phases of life which are shameful, these books girls should not read. The growing body needs pure food. The developing mind needs pure food even more, for what nourishes it that it will surely become. It is an awfully appalling thing to think that libraries are sowing broadcast seeds of vice in the minds of the young and innoncent. It is awful and appalling that parents and guardians should let young girls choose their reading haphazard.

I was in a library the other day when I saw a young girl select a book. It was a book describing the amours of a married woman in some detail. "I have been dying to read this book," she observed smilingly to the attendant. "I have heard that it is so awfully exciting. A girl I know cried her eyes out over the heroine!"

Heroine! Think of it! A woman who had no virtue, no honor! A woman whose infamous life caused her husband to commit suicide. And a girl had wept in sympathy for the well-deserved woes of this heroine!

There is only one way out of the evil so far as I can see, and that is to keep young girls well supplied with really interesting and harmless fiction, so that they do not need to ransack libraries for themselves. It is a reading age. Girls will read, and why shouldn't they? Their mental food ought to be catered for by those responsible for them just as regularly as their meals. Older people in the family who read omnivorously should not leave doubtful books ready to the hand of the young folk. This sort of carelessness is nothing short of criminal.

This question of what girls read is one of the gravest importance, and it is treated in the most casual manner. It is left to chance. And this happens in otherwise really nice families. I know one mother of several girls, who is in many respects an admirable parent, who, when asked by a daughter of sixteen for "something to read," said, "Oh, go to the library and hunt somthing out for yourself. I can't think of any, and I can't be bothered about it."

Librarians are better than some mothers in this respect, for when asked by a young girl to recommend a book, they select one not likely to harm her. I know one librarian who always dissuades a young girl from taking a pernicious book if he sees her select one.

There is one difficulty in guarding the reading of girls which can not be ignored, and that is secret reading. I was recently told by a mother that to her horror she had found a questionable book under her young daughter's pillow. She told me that she had forbidden the girl to read a book without first submitting it to her, that she might judge of its suitability, so the girl had read what she liked secretly. In my own mind I felt that the fault really lay with this indignant mother. A girl properly brought up would scarcely have been so sly. In that same mother's drawing-room I once heard an animated discussion about a book no girl ought to read. And there sat the girl taking it all in!

Nowadays people are not nearly so particular what they discuss before the young as they used to be. This is a great evil, and is part of the laxness which has been gaining ground so rapidly, and which has recently aroused one notable preacher to thunder forth invectives from the pulpit.

That the minds of the girls who are to become the

mothers of sons be kept pure is vital not only to the individual, but to the nation. If only this were realized, surely those persons who are the guardians of young girls would see that the books they read are such as at least not to lower their moral tone and narcotise the aspiration for the good and pure which is at least in embryo in every young heart.—Mrs. Coulson Kernahan.

Young People

THE BOY HE WAS LOOKING FOR.

"There's a boy in the electrical shops that I want to recommend to your attention," said the superintendent of the Eureka Manufacturing Company, as he and the president came down the steps of the office at the noon hour.

"What about him?" asked the shrewd old gentleman.

"He has an inventive turn of mind, and has already made several suggestions which have saved us a bit of money."

"How old is he?"

"Fifteen."

"Fifteen? He is a mere child!"

"But he has a man's head on his shoulders. There he is now—the little fellow that just threw that hand-spring. He's the queerest possible combination of childhood and manhood that ever I saw. What in the world is he up to?"

As the superintendent paused, a fair-haired, slightly built lad disentangled himself from a crowd of fifty or sixty workmen who were hurrying into the street, and hid behind a corner of the building, peering keenly toward a figure coming slowly down the road. The object of his attention, a man of almost gigantic mould, was dressed in his working clothes, having evidently just come out of the rolling mill, where he had, no doubt, been puddling iron. In spite of his dirt-stained garments, he presented not only an imposing but an attractive appearance. His great head was finely poised upon his broad shoulders. His features were strong, his blue eyes keen, and his heavy shock of hair so fiery red that his shopmates called him the "Volcano."

The boy permitted him to pass the corner, and then with an agile spring bounded onto his hugh back, and flung his arms around his neck.

"You little imp" the two observers heard the giant exclaim, and then saw him hoist his evidently not unwelcome burden across his shoulders, and started down the street on a run, the boy's musical laugh ringing out on the air, and the crowd cheering.

"That's his crony—Mike McGinnis," said the superintendent.

"Queerly mated pair," the president replied.

"Perhaps you never heard how they became friends."

"No."

"Well, this little shaver's name is Alfred Atherton. He lived in a little town up in the State somewhere, and when his parents died a couple of years ago, struck out for himself, and came down to Cincinnati. For a few weeks he sold papers; then got into the messenger service, and finally landed here. He was good-natured and clever, making many friends, but exciting some hostility by his indomitable teetotalism. While he was not aggressive about his temperance ideas, it became perfectly evident that he disapproved of his shopmates' habits of 'rushing the growler.' They resented this, of course, ridiculing, abusing and tempting him cruelly. Nothing could move him, however, and they resorted to the scurviest trick you ever heard about. Eight or ten of the biggest and roughest boys in the shop devised a scheme to inveigle him into one of the saloons, and either persuade or force him to drink a glass of rum. Somehow or other they got him inside the door, and failing to make him obey them voluntarily, began to threaten. 'We'll pour it down your throat,' they said. 'You will?' he cried, with flashing eyes. 'We'll see! My father fills a drunkard's grave, and I promised my mother on her dying bed that I'd never drink a drop! Now make me break that promise if you can.' With these words still on his lips the little shaver flung off his coat, and set his back against the wall.

"In a jiffy the crowd was on him, and he went down, but fighting like a wildcat. Several of them held his hands and feet; others pried his mouth open, and one was just going to pour the whiskey into it when this same big Irishman sprang from his chair, and seizing them one after another, flung them across the room as if they had been five-pound bags of salt. When he came to little Atherton at the bottom of the pile, he picked him up, set him on the bar, slapped him on the back, and said to him: 'You little spalpeen, you make me want to sign the pledge.'

" 'Then do it,' said Atherton.

" 'But I can't keep it.'

" 'You can, with the help of God,' the boy replied.

"There was something about the honest look in his eyes and the clear ring in his voice that made the giant tremble. He had been a terrible man you understand, having taken to drink on account of the death of his little child. He was the best puddler in the city, earning eight or ten dollars a day, but spending it all in weekly drunks, and going home to abuse the sweetest and most patient little woman in the world.

"For a moment McGinnis looked him blankly in the face while the crowd of boys picked themselves up and stood watching from a safe distance.

" 'My Denis would have been just about your size,' and the puddler burst into tears.

" 'Don't cry! don't cry!' exclaimed little Atherton, putting both hands on his shoulders in an agony of sympathy for it hurt him to see the giant weeping.

" 'Come home with me, lad,' the Irishman replied; and lifting him down from the bar, led him out-of-doors. No one knows just what happened, but it looks as if the McGinnises had adopted the boy, for he stayed in the house. and the 'Volcano' has never drunk another drop."

"Send that boy to me at 7:30 to-morrow morning. I've been looking for him for twenty years," said the president, when the superintendent had finished his story.—Epworth Herald.

THE JOKE ON EPHRAIM.

Ephraim was the hired man. Jimmy liked him, and that was one reason he hesitated some time before deciding to play an April-fool trick that would cause his friend much trouble. One reason, mind you; the other was because Jimmy was afraid to do his part in the matter. Not that Jimmy was a coward. He was brave as most 10-year-old boys, but it required courage to play that particular April-fool trick.

The boy lived on a ranch among the foothills of the San Bernardino mountains in Southern California. His father owned one cow, and it was Ephraim's custom to milk that one cow after dark every night. The creature wore a bell, which seemed unnecessary, as she was never allowed

to roam at will, but was always tied somewhere near the ranch house.

After supper Jimmy usually watched Ephraim's every move; and the minute the man reached for his lantern, a small cap was forthcoming and its owner was ready to help milk—at least the boy called it helping. As a matter of fact, Jimmy liked the hunting stories Ephraim told while he leisurely milked the cow.

From morning until noon on the 1st of April, which fell on Saturday that year, Jimmy tried in vain to fool the hired man.

"Can't do it, Bub," said Ephraim. "Bigger boys than you have tried to play jokes on this individual and had to give it up. I hin't so green as I look. From Maine to Mexico and from Alaska to the Horn, I could always see through jokes. They look flimsy to me. I know what's coming from start to finish."

At that moment an idea flashed into Jimmy's mind.

"I wonder if that's so!" he mocked. "Maybe you'll wish you'd never poked your nose into Southern California!"

"Mebbe and mebbe not," replied the hired man with a grin. "But tricks is like rubber balls. Some times they bound back and hit the one that started 'em. Better go easy."

"I wouldn't go easy if it wasn't for one thing," Jimmy declared. "I know I could get an April-fool on you if—if—"

"Oh, never mind the consequences," urged Ephraim, "we ain't had any excitement since your goat chased that there real estate agent a month ago."

Jimmy did mind the consequences, nevertheless, and if Bob, his 14-year-old cousin, had not come from town about four o'clock that afternoon to stay over Sunday on the ranch, the 1st day of April might have passed without incident.

"O Bob!" exclaimed Jimmy. "Here's the best joke on Ephraim! You know sometimes Bess gets loose and Ephraim has to go after her. Well, then, just before supper let's take off her bell and hide it. Then we'll tie Bess in a safe, new place where Ephraim won't see her. Next thing we'll hide with the bell until Eph comes with the lantern to do the milking. Then we'll creep away up Oak canon and jungle the bell. When Mr. Eph follows after with the lantern, we'll keep on going 'tinkle-tinkle-tinkle' farther and farther away up the hills and into the canons. All this time Ephraim will be after us, thinking he's on the cow's trail; and just at the right time we'll shout 'April-fool!' What do you say?"

"I say it's too easy to get lost in the moothills," objected Bob.

"Oh, but you couldn't lose Ephraim," Jimmy explained, "he's a regular old-timer in the mountains, in the desert and everywhere. He can tell by looking at a toadstool 'xactly how many miles you are from Washington, D. C. We won't get far ahead of him; you remember old Bess isn't a race horse."

Circumstances favored the boys. Company arrived in time for supper.

"Of course," whispered Jimmy, "Ephraim won't be surprised if we don't follow him tonight. I feel specially interested in hearing father and Mr. Simons talk politics."

"Couldn't tear me away," added Bob, "until Ephraim hits the trail."

"Where are you going?" inquired mother when she saw the boys grab their caps.

"After Ephraim," said Jimmy, as the two darted from a side door and ran swiftly to find the cow bell.

"That there beast loose again!" they heard Ephraim grumble.

A moment later the cow bell jingled from underbrush near Oak canyon. Ephraim started in pursuit.

"Most fun I ever had," observed Bob as the lantern appeared.

"We can't climb directly up any hills," Jimmy observed, "because Bess doesn't take naturally to stiff grades."

"Co-boss—co-boss," called the hired man.

Farther and farther away sounded the bell as the boys skirted the foothills, debating upon the proper moment to shout loudly, "April-fool!"

At last a glimmering of the situation caused the hired man to stop and exclaim, "Well, I swan!"

As he stood perplexed a lantern appeared on a distant trail. It was coming nearer.

Ephraim, with a chuckle, lifted the globe of his lantern and blew out the light.

"Bob, where's Ephraim?" whispered Jimmy, clutching his cousin's arm.

"I—Idon't know," was the reply, "he's probably just out of sight for a minute; perhaps behind some rocks."

"But—but it's queer," said Jimmy, whose heart was thumping hard and rapidly. "Maybe he fell and is hurt. Maybe—"

"Hush!" cautioned Bob. "Let's watch."

"Oh! oh!" Jimmy groaned. "Ther he goes kiting down the trail—way down there, do you see? Come, Bob, quickly! I wouldn't be left up here alone for $50,000! Oh, see that lantern go!"

"Now don't be a baby!" grumbled the older boy. "Do you know the way home?"

"No—o," faltered Jimmy, thankful that Bob couldn't see the fast-falling tears. "May—maybe the moon will shine out after awhile."

Suddenly, close beside the boys, a wildcat growled. There was no mistaking that peculiar sound. Jimmy knew it was a wildcat. Terror sent the lads plunging into the canon below.

"The foothills are full of wildcats and mountain lions," sobbed Jimmy. "We—we hear them every night."

"Listen!" suggested Bob. "They're all around us. What shall we do?"

"I—I don't know." Jimmy's teeth chattered. He wept without reserve.

First from one direction, then another, the wildcats threatened. The canon seemed surrounded.

When the boys felt unable to endure another second of such agony, a cheery voice called:

"Hey there, boys, April-fool! Didn't know your old Uncle Eph was a professional ventriloquist, now, did you? Why don't you clap your hands, hey? I'll do it again, while we light the lantern and end up with the April-Fool Chorus! Ha, ha, ha!"

"O Ephraim," begged Jimmy's cousin, "don't, please! Don't do that wildcat act again. You may say April-fool all the way down the trail if you wish—that's music."

"Music," echoed the small boy. "Say it again, Ephraim. I love the tones of your voice tonight when you say April-fool!"

"Didn't it take you a long time to milk the cow?" asked mother when the three appeared.

"Oh," explained the hired man, "we had a bit of an entertainment outside. Hey, boys?"

"And you can't fool the man that lives on our ranch," added Jimmy.—Frances M. Fox, in The Interior.

GOING TO JOHN.

"Going north, madam?"

"No, ma'am."

"Going south, then?"

"I don't know, ma'am. I never was on the cars. I'm waiting for the train to go to John."

"John?"

"Oh! John's my son. He's out in Kansas."

"I'm going to Kansas myself. You intend to visit?"

"No, ma'am."

And she said it with a sign so heart-burdened that the stranger was touched.

"John sick?"

"No."

The evasive tone, the look of pain in the furrowed face, were noticed by the lady, who asked these questions as the gray head bowed upon the toil-marked hand. She wanted to hear her story, and to help her.

"Excuse me—John in trouble?"

"No, no—I'm in trouble. Trouble my old heart never thought to see."

"The train does not come for some time. Here, rest your head upon my cloak."

"You are kind. If my own were so, I shouldn't be in trouble."

"What is your trouble? Maybe I can help you."

"It's hard to tell it to strangers, but my heart is too full to keep it back. When I was left a widow with three children, I thought it was more than I could bear; but it wasn't as bad as this——"

The stranger waited until she recovered her voice to go on.

"I had only the cottage and my hands. I toiled early and late all the years till John could help me. Then we kept the girls at school—John and me. They were married not long ago. Married rich, too, as the world goes. John sold the cottage, sent me to the city to live with them, and he went West to begin for himself. He said he had provided for the girls, and they would provide for me now."

Her voice choked with emotion. The stranger waited in silence.

"I went to them in the city. I went to Mary's first. She lived in a great house, with servants to wait on her; —a house many times larger than the little cottage—but I soon found there wasn't room enough for me——"

The tears stood in the lines of her cheeks. The ticket agent came out softly, stirred the fire, and went back. After a pause, she continued:

"I went back to Martha's—went with a pain in my heart I never felt before. I was willing to do anything so as not to be a burden. But that wasn't it. I found they were ashamed of my bent old body and my withered face—ashamed of my rough, wrinkled hands—made so toiling for them——"

The tears came thick and fast now. The stranger's hand rested carelessly on the gray head.

"At last they told me I must live at a boarding-house, and they'd keep me there. I couldn't say anything. My heart was too full of pain. I wrote to John what they were going to do. He wrote right back a long, kind letter for he said. To come right there and stay me to come right to him. I should always have a home while he had a roof, as long as I lived. That his mother should never go out to strangers. So I'm going to John. He's got only rough hands and his great warm heart—but there's room for his old mother—God bless—him——"

"Some day when I am gone where I'll never trouble them again, Mary and Martha will think of it all. Some day when hands that toiled for them are folded and still; when the eyes that watched over them through many a weary night are closed forever; when the little old body, bent with the burdens it bore for them, is put away where it never can shame them—"

The stranger's fingers stroked the gray locks, while the tears of sorrow and of sympathy fell together. The weary heart was unburdened. Soothed by a touch of sympathy, the troubled soul yielded to the longing for rest, and she feel asleep.

The agent went noiselessly about his duties that he might not waken her. As the fair stranger watched she saw a smile on the careworn face. The The lips moved. She bent down to hear.

She was dreaming of the days in the little cottage—of the fond hopes which inspired her long before she learned, with a broken heart, that some day she would, homeless in the world, go to John.—Our Dumb Animals.

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